#### FLASHES. FOOTLIGHT

## A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE

WILL BE THE ATTRACTION AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE ON FRI-DAY, JANUARY 15.

Frank L. Perley Will Present Mr. Charles Dalton, the Eminent Actor, in a Dramitization of Stanley Weyman's Novel.

Keenly alive to the fact that the pubhic at large are taking greater interest in things theatrical and, moreover, discriminate as to what sort of attractions

## "QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER"

Big Scenic Dramatization of Popular Novel of New England Life Comto Clarksburg, March 10.

The scenic equipment of "Qincy Ada Sawyer," which will be seen here March 10, 1904, at the Grand opera house, is very elaborate, and is built for the production. The managers of the play were determined that nothing should mar the genuineness of the country atmosphere adn no expense has been spared in the stage settings.

Many have asked, "Why is Quincy they will patronize, so Mr. Frank L. Per- Adams Samyer' called the best New Engley intends to give them what they lang play ever written?" The answer want. With this aim in view, he has has invariably been, "Because it's dif-



Cecelia Castelle in "A Gentleman of France."

secured the services of Mr. Charles Dal- | ferent from any other play of its class.' ton, an actor of unqualified merit, whose "But why is it different?" "Oh, every success in the role of Marcus Superbus thing is so natural, the people are just in "The Sign of the Cross," is a mat- like the people you see in the country, ter of universal knowledge, to star in the scenery is just as read as-any the huge dramatic success, "A Gentle- thing," is the reply. man of France." As "Gaston De Marsac," Mr. Dalton finds himself fitted with a congenial part which gives him ample

The husking-bee scene alone win fame for the play. The real red ears, the real kisses, the real supper and the



Miss Gertrude Raymore, as Dorothy, in "Hello, Bill."...

opportunities to demonstrate that as a romantic actor he has few, if any, equals.

In sword and gauntlet, he is the ideal "swash buckler," the hero of court chamber and the dueling field, strong and virile, yet with that captivating voice and smile that fits so well with his handsome face, he irresistably carries his audience to heights of unthough of eninsm. The love interest enters largely into the construction of the play, and blending it with deft lights and shade into the thrilling situations of "the fight on the stair-case" makes "A Gentleman of France a play that will long be re-

The time of the play is that golden age of romance and poetry in France which has furnished so many nappy themes to poet and novelist. "See local admits of excellent exposition of the scenic artist's craft, full advantage of which has been taken by Mr. Perley. The costainer has been allowed full play, and as a result, the production is unquestionably the best Mr. Perley has done throughout his long and successful career as a manager. Needless to say, the company surrounding Mr. Dalton are the biggest dramatic successes of the past five years. Mr. Dalton and his supporting company in "A Gentleman of France" will be the attraction at the anywhere, in town or city. The play the mountain, and on this trail Marth's Grand opera house on Friday, Jan- "leaves a good taste in the mouth" and eyes could now see three shadowy



natural and humorous incidents attend ing the features have pleased immens udiences all over the country,

CHARLES DALTON

In "A Gentleman from France.

There is genuine comedy all through the play, and the few touches of pathor strike as true and convincing. The story is a simple and a sweet one, appealing



Miss Margurite Sayres, as Harriett, in "Hello, Bill."

ed veterans, whose good work has to the heart. There is nothing in it upa matter of favorable comment in proaching a villain or an adventuress for it is not a melo-drama, it is only a wholesome, clearly cut picture of New England life, and as such it finds favor

THE PERPLEXING By CHARLES SLOAN REID

The roar of the river as its waters tumbled over the rocks drowned the sound of footsteps, drowned even the sigh of the breeze among the tree tops. A dense shadow lay over the gorge, for the sun was behind a cloud.

The fish in the stream had not been biting to suit a young fisher woman and she had thrust her pole into the bank and gone aside to carve some thing in the bark of an old beech. La-boriously she worked away and at length had completed a single large A.

A man approached along the river trail and stood directly behind the girl. watching her work. A flush passed over his face when he saw the letter the girl had carved, and he frowned. Then he coughed, and the girl was startled. She turned quickly around.

"You, Amos?" she exclaimed. "Me, Marth," was the answer. "Why didn't ye whistle or somethin

fore ye got so close?" "Wanted to see what ye're doin'." Marth's face reddened slightly. "Well?"

"Well, I see ye've got that schoolteacher in yer mind."
"'Tain't so. Now, I wonder what put

that in yer head?" "I see ye're fixin' to carve his name. Marth looked up at the letter in the

bark, then looked at Amos in silence. "Don't reckon ye can hardly deny it," continued Amos jealously, "for l don't reckon ye could say that letter stood for anybody else around these parts but Aldrich; so I put it up ye're a-thinkin' a right smart about that same schoolteacher.'

"Amos Underwood, ve haven't got grain o' sense. Ye can't see two inches afore yer nose." Marth's eyes were

"I reckon ye think so, Marth. But I think I know what's what when a girl carves a chap's name on a tree. Marth, girl, I think ye might have spared me this kind o' thing, an' me thinkin' of ye the way I do. Ye might have wait-



SPRINGING THROUGH THE OPENING, SHE CALLED HIS NAME.

ed till I was-till somethin' had hape loved me"

d disgusted.

"Not with yer mouth, but ye've said or gossiping.
"Not with yer pocket knife." Chemists who have carefully anat up there with yer pocket knife."

Marth turned a steady gaze, full of ire, upon the man's face for a moment. hen let her words fly.
"Amos Underwood," she snapped,

ye're the biggest gump I ever saw. I iate ye. I despise ye. Now, ye go. And I do hope the revenues will get ye

"Marth, I"- Amos had taken off is but.

"No ye don't?" Marth stamped ber oot. "Ye've said enough. Go!" She pointed up the trail, and Amor noved slowly away.

Marth had wound up her fish line by the time Amos had gone from view, and she turned toward the old beech

"The crazy," she murmured, "He ouldn't remember his own name started with A. Well, he's gone, and I'm glad of it. I do hate a man that can't

ee with his eyes open. The girl followed the trail to the tor f the ridge, then turned off to the left and went toward a cabin on the side

of the mountain. As the afternoon dragged along Marth went over and over in her mind the scene on the river bank, and at each rehearsal she softened a little to ward Amos until at last each return of the wish she had uttered deepened her regret, for in a superstitious way she feared that her wish might bring the officers into that part of the coun try, and Amos would indeed be in dap-

But Marth kept herself busy all the while, trying to drive out of her mind the scene and her words under the branches of the old beech.

At dusk she milked the cows, then went to the spring for a pail of water As she stood and began slowly to dir the water from the rocky basin with a long handled gourd her quick ear caught the sound of hoof beats against and peered through the woods to the right of her. Just across a shallow ravine a trail led around the side of that is, after all, what the people want. horses and riders, and there was a

gieam or pousned metal which told the dri that each rider bad a gun strapped to his back.

For a moment Marth's heart stood still. She knew she was gazing upon the dreaded revenue officers, and he thoughts flew to Amos, more than three miles away down the ravine. where he would soon be at work in the

distillery.

The girl sat motionless until the riders had passed a bowlder which protruded from the hillside. Then seized her pail and ran up the trail to the cabin. There was but one thought in her head. Amos must be warned and saved at any cost. Saddling a small mule which she led from the stable, she leaped upon his back, dragged a shotgun up after her and rested it upon the animal's neck. Then she set off along a trail which diverged from

that taken by the officers. The mule was soon urged into a trot. and this pace he was forced to keep up down the rugged, water worn trail through the darkness of the deep woods. Marth sat like a statue on the animal's back, with her ears strained to catch the least sound and her eyes wide open for any sign of the officers The murkiness of the woods seemed to hold no terrors for her. She was think-ing of the unrighteous wish she had uttered to Amos.

At last she reached a high rock over ooking a bluff, and she stopped and listened intently. Then, slipping down from the saddle, she crept into a laurel thicket on one side of the rock and after a few minutes came out in the glare of a furnace fire. She was at the doorway of Amos Underwood's stillhouse. Springing through the opening, she called his name. Amos turned quickly, and his hand grasped the butt of a revolver, but when he saw Marth he allowed his chin to-drop to his breast, and his hand fell limply to his side. "Have ye brought 'em, Marth?" he

asked. "No. Amos, but they're comin', an' I've come all the way here to warn ye so's ye could save yerself. I'm sorry for what I said, though I didn't reckon I'd ever own it."

"Marth, I-, reckon, then, ye do love me some, though ye did start to carve"-

"Amos, jest plain Amos, on that tree. I reckon A stands for Amos, don't it crazy?"

"Marth, I've been a gum fool! But I'm powerful happy right now." He extended his arms toward Marth.

but the girl backed away. "No time for that, Amos. Don't je hear them hoof beats?".

The moonshiner caught the girl's hand, and together they sprang into the laurel. Five minutes later they stood on the rock above the stillhouse and listened to the work of destruction that was being carried on by the raiders' nxes.

"Well, ye're safe anyhow, Amos," whispered Marth, and Amos, catching her in his arms, tousled her hair with his chin.

The Beverage of Paraguay. Mate, the national beverage of Paraguay, is brewed from the dried leaves of the ilex and does not intoxicate. Mate can be drunk hot or cold, it can be taken with cream and sugar, like tea or coffee, and it can be used straight," which seems by far the best way of drinking it. Plain mate is quite bitter, and, like beer, it is an acquired taste. The first sip gives a disfinctly bitter taste, and the drinker sets down his glass with a wry face. Presently, as soon as the bitter effect wears off, the imbiber has a pleasant ecollection of the sensation. By this time the powerful stimulating property of the drink has begun to work and the drinker feels like taking another sip. pened to me. Then I'd allers thought Mate makes the user of it "feel good," makes him look with a brighter eye on Marth glanced again at the letter in the dark side of life, makes him forget the bark, then back at Amos, and look- his troubles for the moment, and, best of all, unlike beer, it makes him feel "I never said I was a-thinkin' one like working or doing something with nite about the schoolteacher, have I?" his brain or his hands instead of loafing

say that it is perfectly harmless. It has only the smallest percentage of caffeine and volatile oils. and it never leaves a bad after effect. Even when the drinker has a disorder ed stomach or bad nerves the consumption of mate is not followed by unpleas ant feelings.

Geographical Taffy. "What town is this?" asked the emi-

nent statesman, who was making a political tour of the provinces. "lonia," they told him. The eminent statesman stepped out to the rear platform of the gorgeous

private car in which he was traveling "My countrymen," he said impressively to the cheering throng at the station, "your beautiful and thriving young city has a rare distinction. Independently of its commerce and manufactures, independently of its charming location, independently, I may add. the stalwart men and fair women who inhabit it, so many of whom I see before me, not forgetting these bright and winsome young children who are also here, the hope and mainstay of the republic-independently, I say, of all these, your lovely city" Here be became truly eloquent. His

eyes flashed, his voice rang out in larion tones, and he shook his clinched fist at the zenith. -"has the rare distinction of bearing

a name that has only five letters and yet has four syllables!" The applause as the train moved away was simply deafening.—Chicago

Tribune. In No Danger. Aunt Jane-Helen, I saw that young

man kiss you last evening. Helen-I don't think you need to con plain, auntie. I don't think be would have given the kiss to you if you had been there instead of me.-Boston

Dangerons, "An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon. "Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid morality will set in."-Detroit Free

### The MAN FROM **NEW YORK**

By JAMES NORFLEET

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It was by no means an unusual item in the morning papers. It consisted of less than twenty lines and was to the effect that the cashler and confidential man of the B. and O., Broadway, had been missing for two or three days and that upon examination it had been found that he was short \$15,000 in his accounts. The usual explanation was put forward-the races, the stock market and an uptown apartment-and it was added that the police were on the defaulter's trail.

A Cuban who wandered down to the north shore of his island one morning soon after daylight for a dip in the surf came across a sight which star-tled him and sent him running back to his sleeping comrades among the trees.



HE FOUGHT HIS LAST AND GREATEST FIGHT. There was a battered old skiff on the sands, and a few feet from it lay a man asleep.

"Caramba! Wake up! Wake up!" said one of the half dozen Cubans who came down and surrounded the sleeper and wondered who and what he was "Well?" asked the man as he rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"Who are you?" "You can call me the Man From New York."

"How did you get here?" The man pointed to the old boat and

rose to his feet to yawn and stretch. "What do you want here?" continued the questioner. "Take me to General Garcia. I guess

he always wants recruits, and I am ready to join." That was the introduction of the

Man From New York. He gave no name and no information about himself. He simply said he was ready to fight for the cause, and he was assigned to the ranks and given arms. After the first skirmish he was made a sergeant; after the second, a lieutenant. He was a cool fearless fighter and an acquisition. No questions were asked of him by the Cubans. He was one of a bundred Americans who had found their way to the Island to take a hand in the revolution. Among themselves, however, they said:

"He is a fighter-too much of a fighter. It must be his desire to get killed. He came to us because he had done something to disgrace his name in the States, and he feels that he can never go back. We do not care to know what it is. If we had a thousand more like him we could capture Havana."

For a year Garcia's band neither won victory nor suffered a defeat in which the Man From New York did not participate. As time went on he grew more morose and vindictive. His voice was seldom heard except in connection with duty, and the Spaniards came to know him as a terror. A price was put upon this the only inhabited world?" his head. Men hunted for him as dogs stand essentially where Whewel hunt for game, but they failed to catch him. Two or three times the proffered teenth century, or we might indeed say reward brought about his betrayal by men he had led to victory through forest and swamp, but he escaped falling into the bands of the enemy until the

cause of freedom was almost won. A thousand Spanish soldiers had rossed the famous trocha to beat the forests. Garcia had planned their destruction and gathered re-enforcements

from every quarter. In the gray of the morning the Man From New York led thirty men against the flank of the thousand to produce a diversion, and for a time the thousand were thrown into a panic and suffered great loss. Then the Cuban general's plans went wrong, and the enemy were allowed to take heart and rally regiment swung about and attacked the twenty-five, then twenty, then ten. Then the ten surrendered. From New York stormed and raved and entreated. He cursed them in one breath and entreated in another, but the ten had had enough fighting.

"So it is you!" exclaimed the Spanish colonel when the leader of the ten had howed to the inevitable. "I would rather have captured you than Garcia himself. You shall die in the streets of Havana after the governor general and the people have had a good look at you. As for the others, let four be taken out and shot at once. We will decide the fate of the others later on."

The five were confined in a sugar mill for the rest of the day and night, and the Spaniards rejoiced as over a great victory. For a time the Man from New York sat apart from the others and did not enter into their hopes and fears. Then a Cuban ser-geant, a Cuban who had lived in Boston for years, but had made his way

pack to his native affin to give his nife for liberty, crossed over to him and HALF A LOAF

> "They may spare us, senor, as we are Cubans, but your death is certain." "Only a matter of a couple of days," was the reply.

"We have known you, and yet we have not known you well," continued the sergeant. "You have a name; you have friends in the States; you want to send a last me-sage to some one."
"I have no name, no home, no

friends," replied the lieutenant after a moment. "There is no one to whom would send a message. If any one thinks of me it is with contempt."

"A mether?" softly queried the ser-

"Yes, but no message."

"A girl-a sweetheart?" The lieutenant shook his bend, and the sergeant drew away a pace and sighed. Presently be whispered:

"Senor, we have been proud of you. You have been a devil in battle. You have made your mark, and you have got to die because of it. We wish to remember you as a lighter."

"Don't worry, my man," said the of-ficer as he laid a hand on the other's "I see your drift. You don't want to think of me as standing blindfolded against a wall to be shot at. Well, that shall never happen. Leave me alone now and wait for the morn-

An hour later the officer was put into a room by himself and told that at daylight he would be started for Havana under escort. He was awake and alert at daylight. When the corporal's guard came to lead him forth he fought his last and greatest fight. The Spanish soldiers told of it to the last day of their occupation of Cuba. When at last he was killed his enemies stood around the dead body and removed their hats in respect. "Two dead and three wounded" was the corporal's report.

One morning last month a daily paper raked up the old case of defalcation in connection with another affair and closed by saying, "As far as we can learn the police bave never secured a clew to the defaulter's whereabouts."

#### THE HONEY BADGER.

He Is a Tough Beast and Is Exceedingly Hard to Kill.

Badgers belong to the great weasel tribe, although they are also allied, as many people know, to the bears. Among their more or less distinguished relatives may be named the wolverene, otter, skunk and marten. In Africa and India, says a writer in Longman's Magazine, are to be found the curious ratels, a remarkable branch of the family, distinguished by their extraordinary fondness for honey. To obtain this luxury they spend most of their time hunting for the nests of wild bees.

They are absolutely oblivious, as English badgers, of the stings of the infuriated bees, their tough, thick and loose coats protecting them from any serious injury. Ratels are strong and very courageous beasts. The Boers of South Africa hold them in high respect. as do the natives, and assert that a pair of these beasts will occasionally attack a human being. I have heard of menbeing treed by these animals, but whether the tale was true or false I am uncertain. What is certain is that the ratel, or honey badger, of South Africa is a beast extremely difficult to kill by reason of his tough constitution, good defensive powers and extraordinarily loose coat and that he is when meddled with or put out a beast of very high courage and unpleasant manners.

#### LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS. Subject About Which We Know

Absolutely Nothing. Upon the question whether life bearing planets can exist in other solar systems than our own the answer of science is clear and distinct. It is precisely the same which Professor Newcomb gave concerning the possible inhabitants of Mars, "The reader knows our solar system we can indeed form some crude estimate of probabilities; beyond it, nothing. All the amazing progress of modern science, all the revelations made by the spectroscope or by photography, all the advance in biology, have not brought us one step nearer an answer to the question, "Is stand essentially where Whewell and Brewster did in the middle of the ninewhere Galilel and Caponno were 200 years ago. We can indeed spin out the plain the girl was inclined to accept discussion at greater length than our predecessors and can introduce a far larger number of more or less irrelevant facts, but of serious argument. either for or against, we are entirely destitute. - Professor Mannder Knowledge.

#### A SEA GIRT TOMB.

Francois Rene Was Buried on a Rock In the Atlantic.

Francois Rene, vicomte de Chateaubriand, some twenty years before his death, writing to the mayor of St. Malo, his native town, made the request that the town would grant him on west point of the rock of Grand bay a space sufficient for his burial. To this island rock, accessible only at low tide. the body of the great French litterateur was brought at his death.

A granite cross marks the spot. high tide the rock becomes an island, and the waves of the Atlantic beat against this lonely grave. The fiftieth anniversary of the funeral was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the Grand bay, each person being requested to take some floral tribute

After solemn mass in the cathedral procession, headed by the mayor and two members of the French academy, crossed the sands and mounted the rocky slopes, and with the sound music and the firing of saintes the floral homage was made. Poems com-posed for the occasion were recited, an oration was pronounced by M. le Vi-comte de Vogue, and at night the Grand bay displayed green funeral lights.

# FOR A FORTUNE

Tabitha Longwell, an eccentric old lady, dying, left an estate in jewels. These she bequeathed to her adopted daughter Mabel, but the drawing of the will had been faulty, and the testator's nephew, Archibald Longwell, who without a will would have been ber sole heir-at-law, considered bimself entitled to the property. His weak point was that the jewels were in Mahel's possession. His lawyers had ad-vised him that since possession was nine points of the law the first thing

to do was to secure the property.

One evening the late Miss Longwell's manservant, Tom Clarkenwell, only servant she kept, was in the kitch-en scouring the knives and polishing the silver. Mabel, who had done the cooking, was also there making some

"Miss Mabel," said Tom Clarkenwell "the old woman was cur'us, wasn't she?"

"You mean Miss Longwell. Yes, she was singular, but she was a very good woman.

"I hear she left all her property in di'mon's."

"In precious stones." "Where did she keep 'em-in the

bank?" The question was asked in a halting way that indicated self consciousn Miss Mabel's suspicions were eroused.

"No. She kept them in a stocking." "And where did she keep the stocking?" "Tied around her waist under the

skirt of her dress." "Laws a-mercy! What a queer place! She can't keep 'em there now since she's dead."

"No. I have them in charge now." Tom did not think it prudent to ask any more questions, and Miss Mabel didn't enlighten him further. She put the dough she had been kneading into a pan and left it to rise. She then went upstairs to bed, but not to sleep. She was suspicious of Tom's interest in her aunt's property. There was an unused fireplace in the sitting room with an iron ornamental front. taken out this front and stuffed the jewels up the chimney. While she was lying awake she saw a light in the hall through a crack in the door. Jumping out of bed, she was just in time to see Tom going in his stocking feet to the floor above. She listened to him hunt-ing through the rooms till she heard iron scrape on stone and knew he was removing an iron fire front. She felt sure that if he did the same on the ground floor he would find the treasure. Slipping downstairs, she entered the kitchen, and, seeing the dough she had kneaded, it occurred to her to put her fortune in it. Gliding noise into the sitting room, she secured the jewels and buried them in the dough, getting upstairs and into her room before Tom came down. When he did so he searched the second floor and after

that the first, not omitting the fireplace. In the morning Tom was not so chatty as usual, and Mabel did not say anything to indicate that she had heard him moving in the night. At 10 o'clock she was about to start for the office of the late Miss Longwell's lawyer to ask his advice about a safe place for the jewels when she saw Tom go out be-fore her. She kept behind him, his way lying the same as hers. Presently he turned into a building in which she knew Archibald Longwell had an office. She hurried on and was just in time to see Tom go into Longwell's office. Tom's interest in the jewels was explained. He was acting for the

heir-at-law. Tom Clarkenwell reported to his employer that he could not find the jewels, and Longwell changed his plans. He decided upon proposing a settlement of the question between himself and Mabel by an offer of marriage. This was carrying out a plan that had been proposed by Miss Longwell and dejust as much of the subject as I do, clined by the nephew. Indeed, be had never failed to snub his aunt's protege when an opportunity occurred.

In the afternoon a note came from Longwell to Mabel with his proposition. Mabel had been to ber aunt's torney, and he had agreed to call for the diamonds after office hours that evening, keep them in his safe overnight and place them with a safe posit company the next morning. Mabel wrote a reply to Longwell, inviting him to take tea with her that evening

When Longwell read this invitation he considered the game won. It was him, but it might not be necessary for him to marry her. Once in her confi-dence he might secure possession of the property. Mr. Longwell called at the hour ap-

pointed, and Mabel invited him into the tea room. He attempted a lover's demeanor, but was somewhat chilled by the lady's coolness. She entertained him rather with dainty eatables than with words. While they were at tea the door bell rang, and Tom, who went to the door, announced the attorney.
"By the bye, Mr. Longwell," said

Mabel, "I want you to taste of my own making." Taking up a loaf beside her, she cut it through the middle, revealing an old stocking. "This goes to the gentleman in the other room," she said, opening the stocking sufficiently to reveal a few of the jewels it contained. "As for the bread, I'll divide it with you. Half a loaf is better than none, they say." And, handing the brend to Longwell, she carried the jewels to the man waiting for

It did not take Longwell many min-utes to see that he had been snubbed, and as soon as he could he beat a retreat. Mabel won ber case. The diamonds were sold for \$150,000, and she married a man with as much me ELIZA WHITFIELD

Children under ten shouldn't know when there is a moon, and people over seventy shouldn't know except by the calendar.—Atchison Globe.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it.